

The Temple Artisan

AUGUST, 1908

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Mysticism, Social Science and Ethics

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THE TEMPLE.



PRIMARILY, The Temple is a cosmic organic center, the constituent parts of which are the units of collective humanity.

Coincident with the original impulse, the first emanation from the Central Spiritual Sun,—the Universal Heart,—came into manifestation, the Father-Mother-Son, the triangular corner stone of The Temple, upon which is rising, age by age, a geometrically perfect edifice. The cap stones to the pillars of the porch, and the outer walls are now being laid, preliminary to the work of the roof-builders—the humanity of the sixth great root-race.

The place of each stone is determined by the law of selection, and the same law determines the different Degrees and Orders which lead to and from the great Stone of Sacrifice which rests upon the pavement of the Central Square.

The development of outer conditions, planes and personalities must keep pace with and correspond to the development of the interior man, or evolutionary force would be diverted from its proper channels.

When the Craftsman or Apprentice to any Degree has finished his term of service, and has mastered all the details of the work, he is “recognized” by the Master Builder, and raised to a higher Degree, although he may never be conscious of the presence of that Master, until his apprenticeship is completed, and he in turn becomes a Master of a lower Degree.

The Organization of The Temple, the members of which belong by evolutionary right to a certain Degree of Cosmic Life, which Degree is subdivided into seven Orders, is the continuation and expansion of the work of the Masters revived in this country a quarter of a century ago by certain chelas or disciples.

To the efforts of the Masters is due the impulse which has caused the great advance in scientific, philosophical and social endeavor; for they are the guardians of Ancient Wisdom and Knowledge, in which lies the root of all progress; and the work of The Temple is to cultivate and embody the highest principles of all such endeavor in one stupendous living organic whole.

It is a common belief that the fires on the altars of the Ancient Temples have been permitted to die out: but “those who know” say this is not true; that they are but hidden from the view of the masses, awaiting the time when the veil of ignorance and corruption hanging before the hearts of the humanity of this transitory period, shall be rent asunder, and the light of the ages become manifest to all. The time is comparatively close at hand when the doors of “The Temple of the Mysteries” shall once more swing outward. The Site of that once wonderful structure has been rediscovered, and when the Lord, the Saviour, the Elder Brother of the human race once more reappears to claim his own, He will find a place prepared for him by those who, having heard this call, “Come over and help us,” have faithfully responded, and have taken up their share of the burden of responsibility. Are you of that number?

Address The Temple, Halcyon, California.

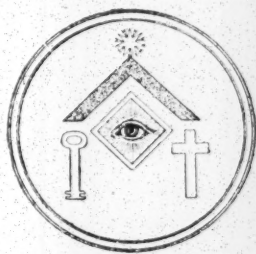
The Temple Artisan

Vol. IX.

AUGUST, 1908

No. 3

Behold, I give



unto thee a key.

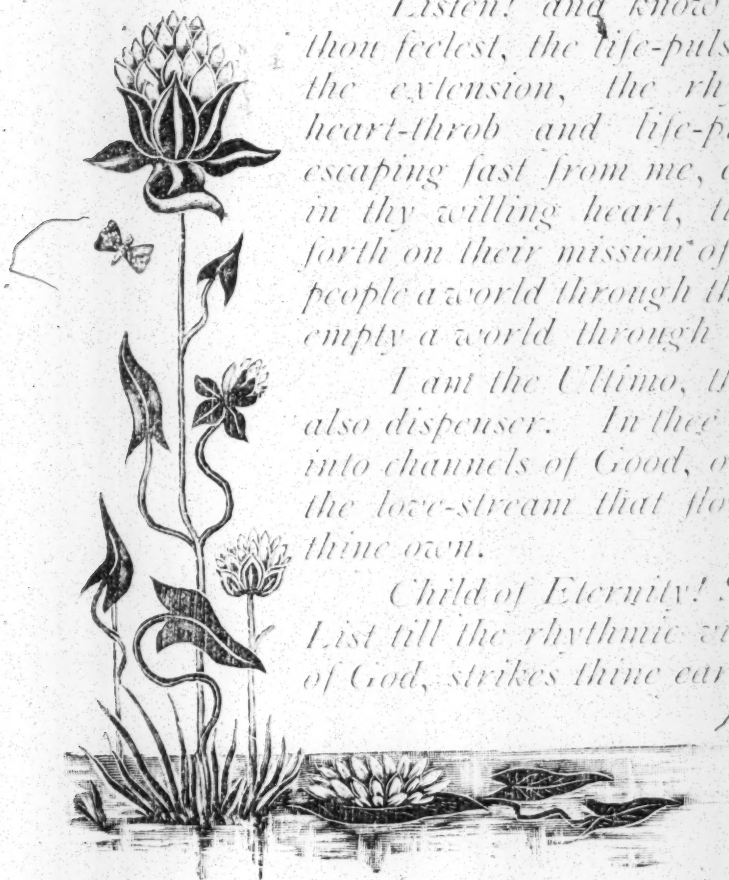
LISTEN

Soul of my Soul, Heart of My Heart, bend down thine ear, and listen thou well. Listen, as listens a mother, that with smile on her lips and light in her eyes, lists to the beat of the fast coming feet that are bringing her loved ones, her husband or children back to their hearth-stone—back to her arms.

Listen! and know that the heart-throb thou feelest, the life-pulse thou hearest, is but the extension, the rhythmic revealing of heart-throb and life-pulse arising in me, escaping fast from me, and finding a shelter in thy willing heart, till thou sendest them forth on their mission of service, it may be to people a world through the love they invoke, or empty a world through the hatred they bear.

I am the Ultimo, thou the revealer, and also dispenser. In thee lies the power to turn into channels of Good, or to poison with Evil the love-stream that flows from my soul to thine own.

Child of Eternity! Seek well, and listen! List till the rhythmic vibration, the life-beat of God, strikes thine ear.



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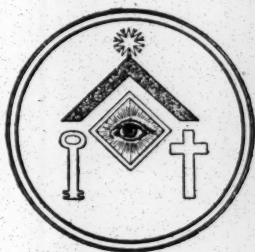
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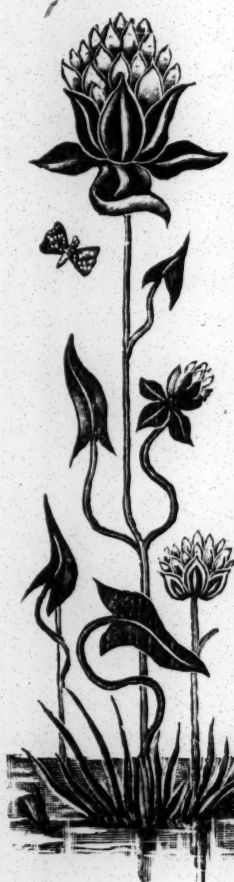
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DO YOU SHRINK?

Do you shrink at the idea of merging yourself in others?
 Are you afraid of the shock? Is it like a cold plunge? Do you
 suppose that you will be submerged and lost?
 Not so. You will not lose yourself in the universal, like the Budd-
 hist, but it is there that you will find yourself.
 Now, solitary, separate, unrelated, you are nothing;
 When you think to stand alone you are really not standing at all;
 Yet with all your conceit and ambition, you have not in your wildest
 dreams imagined what you might be.
 Dash in boldly with your arms outstretched, and learn that you are
 a god.

ERNEST CROSBY.

SOUND VIBRATIONS.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS. OPEN SERIES, No. LXXV.

Notwithstanding all the centuries of struggle and effort toward development which lie behind the present human race, and its straining for educational, sociological and material advantages; in some respects that race is exactly where it was ages ago; and the principal cause of such stultification, though always in evidence, as well as the cause of much of man's excruciating suffering of mind and body, and even of crime, is deliberately ignored, ridiculed, sarcastically noted or self-pityingly admitted, and then pushed aside and forgotten.

To my undying regret, I have seen the same causes set up by Templars, and working similar effects, and in many cases as flagrantly repeated, ignored or excused. Careless of the inevitable fruits of these causes, vividly and repeatedly as I have pointed them out and urged their eradication upon you, I am nevertheless left with but little to encourage a repetition of the same; and yet if I refrain from repetition, I am remiss in duty.

I am sometimes awed at the apparent recklessness with which some one or more of your number will draw down upon yourselves and your loved ones the active, malignant elemental forces, and the condemnatory decisions of the Law which controls and punishes the use and abuse of the Divine energy called into action by the satirical, cruel, unjust and often untrue statements to and against each other; and when the results of such action appear in your own lives, in the form of physical ailments, poverty, destruction of comeliness, loss of affection, faith and trust, to say nothing

of their effect on the substance with which you must build a Nirmanakaya body (if so be you are ever to build one), your indifference causes me to realize my impotence and the apparent uselessness of aiding you to destroy the ravaging demons which you permit to reappear without contest, owing to your own natural indolence.

After half a century of specific work in that line by myself, and the fact that though the students of the Great Mysteries have been given so much attention, so much unparalleled instruction by others as well as myself, they have made, comparatively speaking, so little progress, I stand appalled at the thought of the superhuman task set the Initiates who are by karmic right the executors of divine law, for the present Maha yuga.

A student or novice claims the protection and assistance of the Lodge, deliberately takes a step by assuming obligations which must inevitably precipitate a large amount of back karma, refuses to perceive the obstacles he is continually creating, and when some crushing blow, some deprivation, or loss occurs,—some retrograde displacement from position, or failure to achieve distinction, it will almost invariably arouse latent anger or jealousy; and such victim of Illusion's spells, instead of seeking the ultimate cause of his difficulty in his own nature—his own acts and words—will "pile Ossa on Pelion" by striking out blindly at "Fate," at his teachers, his neighbor, or his material limitations or environment.

I ask you, my son—my daughter, individually, as one of those most vitally concerned, "What are *you* going to do to change these conditions in *yourself*?"

Occasionally one of your number will say, "I hate this or that person or condition; things are not what I expected at headquarters, so and so is cruel, unjust, or untrustworthy, and evidently desires my labor or my money," and so blindly continues to pile up imaginary grievances, utterly repudiating the probable fact that although he may have been invited, he had never been urged to take up any position and may have been advised to the contrary. Forgetting that he had been given the privilege of helping to *build* a place of protection and safety for himself, not to enter one *already built*; forgetting all the kindnesses that had been shown him, all the sacrifices made by those upon whom he had subsequently brought anguish, suffering and loss; ignorantly charging others with the use of undue influence, when almost, if not quite, invariably, if he were open to conviction, a little calm, intelligent examination of and investigation in the right direction could easily prove the reverse of his suspicions, and but too often utterly careless of the feelings of those who have

sacrificed infinitely more than he to make possible an opening for him. Plunged in such a maelstrom a novice does not immediately perceive he has set in action these, hitherto quiescent, now malignant, destructive forces of the negative pole of life, in his own auric envelope, the action of which have an effect on the astral body similar to that of corrosive acids or sulphuric poisons on the physical; devouring, paralyzing or disintegrating forces, which act by repercussion upon the organs, blood-vessels, muscles and nerves of his physical body, and ultimately bring on swellings, fever, eruptions of the body, and corresponding conditions in the astral envelope, and consequently upon the substance he must evolve and manipulate in order to build a yet more interior vehicle.

"Nature abhors a vacuum." If an individual sends out from his own auric centre a definite degree of force of such a character as above noted, thus temporarily leaving a vacuum in such centre, by that act he sets free an equal amount of the force of suction, which draws to himself from the aura of the one so attacked, an exact equivalent, a definite amount or degree of the same force he has expelled (it may have been hitherto latent in the attacked) which will draw to him and precipitate a corresponding attack from others. The law of compensation then begins to act, and, whether he will or not he must pay the debt he has made, in the same kind and degree—must give to that other a part of his own substance, which alone will counteract the effect of the cause he has set up. He gives out an evil, a negative personal force; he draws to himself an impersonal retributive force that will fill the vacuum thus created, and then must give back of the best that is in him, a full equivalent to that of which he has robbed the other. This is one result of the action of the irrevocable triple-sided law of compensation.

The fact that he does not at once see the final results of its action is of no consequence, or that there is not an immediate material loss of health or wealth. Time has no existence in the Divine Mind. Other karma of a better nature then due may have to be lived out before the full results of his wrongly vitalized words become apparent.

You can predict very accurately that which lies before you, by a self examination of your words and acts for or against others in the past, and some day you will know beyond question that the cancer, the fever, the eruption, the loss of a limb or organ, the utter breaking down of nerves, brain and muscles from which you suffer, is primarily due to some cruel, unjust or untrue statement forgotten, mayhap, as quickly as it was uttered. Remember "There are

no little things." It hath been truly said, "You shall give an account of every idle word."

Knowing all this, I ask you, is it surprising that almost despair seizes those who watch and labor to aid you in the dizzy climb to perfection, or that as I have before said, the causes of the calamitous episodes, the failure to make advance in the cases of pledged Disciples, the unhappiness and misery in the world, lie almost unrecognized, ignored or despised?

Man's continuous ignoring of the power of silence,—and the inevitable effects of careless use of words which have a divine origin and purpose, is responsible for three-fifths of his suffering.

The fact that the songs of the song-birds in the airy envelope of the earth, the roar of the mountain torrent and other nature sounds are among the chief instruments for the increase and decrease in the rates of the earth's vibrations, should give you some idea of the importance and effects of the sounds you make and the words you utter.

The recent discoveries in connection with the methods by which sound may be transmitted and recorded, may give you some idea of the methods used by natural law to transmit and record sound waves to and from the organic centres of the human body. The length of such waves indicate the strength and potency of the same; but, to bring to outer perception any knowledge of the final effects of any one sound, the wave must be changed into a light wave (these two great energies are interchangeable, though one is a straight and the other a curved motion). Then another change in the vibration of the light wave brings the dormant fiery lives which constitute that light, into action, and it is through the control of those fiery lives that the results before mentioned are accomplished by divine retributive law.

Until the individual members of mankind at large can be taught to understand and apply these truths, by control of the vibration, they cannot rise to any great level. But the progress made in the transmitting and recording of sound, and the knowledge of the curve and wave motion of the same, indicates a gradual advance, though such advance could be accelerated; but man is slow to accept anything that costs him any great effort and sacrifice.



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EDITORIAL MIRROR.

"Religion is too much occupied with the fate of a man after death and concerns itself too little with our immediate life. Learn to live; trust God for dying. The latter is his business, the first is yours. To eat, drink and sleep, to be merry or sad, is not life. Life is the intense, pulsating, vibratory acme of knowledge, truth, love, beauty and faith. Reach out and breathe it into your soul as a famishing man reaches for bread to sustain his fainting body."

—Beacon Fires.

The general postoffice department at Washington having granted application for a postoffice, Halycon, San Luis Obispo County, is now a place on the map. A neat postoffice building has been erected just north of the Temple Headquarters cottage. A small stock of grocery supplies will probably be kept on hand in connection with the postoffice. Brother W. W. Kent holds the appointment of postmaster. Members should read carefully the notice on another page in regard to the new postoffice and the change of address of all mail sent to the centre.

The establishment of the Halycon postoffice marks another milestone in our work. A public centre in our midst will attract other desirable things. And so the work grows and develops steadily and surely in spite of the croakers and calamity howlers, the renegades and deserters, some of whom after deserting, mired in the mud of their darkness, turn venomously on the work to justify their own failure. But the Great Sifter—the Heart Doctrine is ever at work and those who are not true at the core will be sifted out as stones unfit for the Master Builder's use. To all loyal members the glory of the cause is to suffer and endure for it—to fight true and straight, to work for humanity, to hold high the Banner of the Blessed Father's House and let no foe within or without sully or insult it. Work on Great Sifter, work on—for the faithful, the strong and the loyal and true are assembling to build with strength, Wisdom and Beauty, the Great Temple of Light wherein the Christ shall enter when the hour strikes.

W. H. D.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO ALL TEMPLE MEMBERS:

HALCYON, California, August 1, 1908.

Dear Comrades: The general postoffice department at Washington has granted our application for a postoffice, which is now established under the name of HALCYON. Therefore, from this time on, all Temple mail and Temple Home Association mail, as well as letters for members working at the centre should be addressed to *Halcyon, San Luis Obispo County, California*. No mail should hereafter be addressed to Oceano.

The Halcyon postoffice is a money order office and all money orders should be made out on that office in future. Your local postmaster may tell you that he has no record that the Halcyon office is a money order office, but assure him that it is a new postoffice recently created and that he need not hesitate to make out money orders on it. Members should impress on their minds this change of address to Halcyon, for if sent to the former address, delay may be caused in receiving mail at this end.

The above does not mean any change of location of headquarters.

Faternally yours,

WILLIAM H. DOWER,

Official Head.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Temple Builders—Lesson 54

MUSIC.

TO THE TEACHERS:

Wouldst thou know the source and mission of music? Wouldst thou discover the secret of the Master Musician?

Then come with me to the bubbling waters as they overflow from the mountain spring of life. Drink deep of the sparkling stream, bathe long in its rhythmic currents until refreshed and rested the music of Alaya falls upon thy soul, hushing the outer ear to silence, merging the throbbing of the spirit with thine own life pulse and the waters of thy heart burst forth in joy and gladness.

Then wilt thou have heard the Divine Sound. Then wilt thou know what it means to be a musician.

Ah, but that does not teach me, thou sayest, how to produce music that my companions can hear, how to use my voice and vibrate the strings of my instrument, how to win the applause of

the world, the approval of my comrades—nay, even how to soothe the weary or comfort the stricken. Give me some method by which I can attain the mastery evidenced in Nature.

A method dost thou seek? That method, O Child, I have given thee in the bubbling of the brook. Thou wilt find it in the spontaneity of all Nature. It is because thou hast grown so far away from the source of thine own being that thou dost not recognize it. No one can find it for thee, but in order to start thee on the right path I will once more go with thee to the mountain streamlet and try to show thee yet more plainly the method, the law by which it bubbles. If thou once dost find its secret, thou canst not keep sweet music from issuing from thee any more than the spring can hold itself within the dark and rocky recesses of the earth.

First of all make not the mistake in thinking that this rippling music that thou hearest hath its origin in the cooling fountain before thee. Deep hidden in the bosom of the earth it first came into being.

Long aeons ago the Creative Waters permeated earth's secret chambers while the brooding mists of heaven folded it within its soothing garments, until unable to bear the glorious ecstasy longer, there came a gentle thrill, or stir, an awakening heart throb, a struggle for expression, a gushing forth from the rocky caverns, a joyous leaping from the Mother Breast, in clear rippling tune to give itself in constant and unwearied flow, in true progression through the "Seven Chords of Universal Consciousness, that run along the sounding board of Kosmos," finding rest in the Soundless, Resolvent, "that vibrates from one Eternity to another."

All this is strangely beautiful but still I do not understand what I must do to enable myself to give expression in song.

Even yet can'st thou not understand? Then lay aside thy questioning and wait, for aught else that I could give thee would be but the sky without the coloring, the birdsong without the gladness, the sea without the roaring and thou wouldst know naught of music.

Thou dost seek technical means by which to express musical thoughts but thou canst never discover it. Thou art trying to master a light and graceful passage. Why is it so difficult for thee to accomplish? Because thy fingers do not move with the commanding force that prompted the composer. In vain dost thou struggle until thou canst lose thyself in the simplicity, the Oneness of his ennobling thoughts, until thou canst release the tension in an abandonment to Nature as careless, as light and fleecy as the

movements of the clouds as they are bourne along. They make no struggle to hold their place in the heavens, there is no wearing labor but a constant reliance upon the forces that surround them and express such marvellous beauty through them.

Music and motion are one. They are that which was in the beginning. In endless ways they are calling unto thee from every side. Every principle of thy art lies hidden in the numerous aspects of nature about thee. The most insignificant phases have a lesson to reveal, a golden truth to express through whomsoever is open to transmit it.

The varied landscape never grows tiresome. So the restful melody finds its tones in different pitch. The waving grains, the rustling of the autumn woods with its gorgeous colorings are harmonious, worthy subjects for any composer.

If nature in such form still remains sealed to thee then go to that which is more akin to thyself. Thou mayest know Violet and Peony, the children of story, who set about making a snow image. As they played their interest grew until finally they decided their image should be a little sister who could run about and play with them, and setting to work in simple and undoubting frame of mind a miracle was performed for them without their so much as knowing that it was a miracle.

Many wilt thou find as did they find their father who upon hearing the children tell of their new companion insisted that the child be brought to the warm stove, much against the entreaties of the children. Many times too thou mayest see as did they, thine image melt away, and thine own life seem to be on the verge of dissolving, but know then that if thou wilt only wait longer, the miracle will be performed for thee also without thy so much as knowing it to be a miracle.

Therefore, wait, yes wait, until thine own heart responds to the starry music, until the dawn breaks in rosy light upon thy clouded consciousness, until the birth pains of thine own soul bring to thee the understanding that thou so much desirest, and there rises within thee the rhythmic spring of power that involuntarily expresses itself through thee in music, for thou wilt have led the *life* necessary for the acquisition of such knowledge and power, and Wisdom will come to thee naturally.

Dimly do I begin to see what thou meanest, but lonesome indeed and almost impossible seems the path thou openest before me. True, it must seem to be so to thee now, but dost thou not know that the strength as well as much of the charm of the streamlet lies in its

solitary course. Remember too that it is by its unceasing flow, its strict adherence to its own course, its thorough adjustment to all its contacts that gives it its ease in surmounting obstacles, the power to bless with life-giving refreshment, and the attainment of Divinity in which it also finds its source.

Truly wilt thou have to adapt thyself to the minds of others and thou wilt learn many things of them, but be careful lest in so doing thou dost not break down the bank of thine own life stream and lose the Purity of its Rhythmic Waters in the raging of the muddy torrents.

For a time thy comrades may not recognize thee but let not thy faith be weakened. Rather let them spur thee on to greater strength that thou mayest give forth the truth to others in tones so clear, so rich, so full, that the Voice of thy Maker canst speak through thee, redeeming the Art to which thou aspirest, to the high purpose for which it was originally intended.

Naught can I promise, but at least do I Hear, and into the Light of the Logos do I send forth my first true tone as it overfloweth from the fountain of the heart in yearning desire to offer itself in Service.

A LETTER ON SOCIALISM.

COMRADES:

When brother Petty tackled the socialists I was tempted to answer him at first.

But I knew that a true socialist loveth his enemy too well to let him go in peace, but had far rather send him away in pieces. And as there are others of my kind who own a ten-cent ink jar and I was busy, I left the scrap to the other fellow.

But I have read Petty in May and have a mind to get after him—yet not after him alone. I seem to be walking deliberately between two fires.

The materialistic socialist who says all advance is the result of digestion of the loaves and fishes is further from the truth of socialism than is brother Petty. Also I admire brother Petty for his heroic penmanship in coming into the open.

Socialism is not as some say a philosophy of the stomach. It is in truth a philosophy of fair play and so of course all true socialists claim that all stomachs should have enough food and none starve. They also claim all minds should have enough sustenance, and all lungs enough air.

Competition they claim is the great war of the ages in the city.

The long work hours of the country tending to stupidity, is its first child. The slum, the sweatshop, the tenement system with their want of food, air and sunlight as tending to degeneration of body, soul and spirit, is its second child.

Class separation is another child of competition. The so-called upper and lower classes are its outcome whereas in the eternal truth there is no class but one great Brotherhood.

Socialism claims that if its theories were put into practice, the great evil power tending toward degeneration now so obvious in all human mundane existence would be destroyed and the counterforce which the reformers of all times have had to exert in checking its effects, could then turn to the highest duty of developing the superman.

Socialism is not the child of capitalism, but its deadly enemy.

Socialism is in truth the child of the Higher Self and is under the influence of the Masters. It tends toward a peaceful solution of our present troubles. It is the great political peace party.

It is the three children of competition: Long hours in country life, want of everything wholesome in city life, and class separation everywhere that produces in man hunger for food, want of rest and comfort in the poor, besotted inertia in a part of the rich, and greed in all.

The only class unaffected by these things are the true reformers, not thinkers, but those who wish to make fundamental reforms. These people are such as the Theosophists, Temple people and the co-operative and socialistic people. Where they are genuine, they are the Knights of the Holy Grail sworn to succor distressed humanity.

It is the children of Competition, Greed and Hunger who are going in the near future to wreck society, and why? Because socialism and its brother children of the Higher Light are not yet strong enough to overcome the evil children of competition. Of a certainty socialism is of the Ideal and so vitally that it believes it can bring heaven on earth. It believes in practising its ideal.

The whole of the law of socialism is this: Government manipulation of the means of production and distribution; all other things remain in private hands; the Government already does own the means of production and distribution but lets private people work them.

In time of stress, governments always will revoke such private rights; why, we ourselves belong to our country body and soul, as

we may find if the Japs come to fight us. If we belong to the nation surely our ten cents worth of property does.

True government exists for the greatest good of all its people, not for any class, and when the people find a new idea which may bring greater common good, no class interest will stop its progress.

Welcome the day all true hearts when all mankind will be born equal heirs to all the earth and its possibilities in body, soul and spirit.

P. S.—Most of the hot shot that has been passing from pen to pen in this argument is based upon the meaning of words, which are understood differently by the "scrappers." One brotherly scrapper means by charity where some well-off person in a condescending way helps some poorer and inferior human who possibly in justice should have been well off himself.

The old saying "as cold as charity" applies to this. Paul had no such meaning for the word he used—vital loving tolerance. If we try and understand what the other fellow means by his lingo and not by what he says, we will get on all right. "The letter killeth" or if it don't exactly kill it surely leads to a scrap which is a thing of evil with two tails and very little brains.

JOHN VARIAN.

ESPERANTO.

What is Esperanto?

It is the first practical Universal Language. It is simple, easily learned, made up mostly from roots of modern Latin languages.

It has phonetic spelling, no silent letters, the accent *always* on the next to the last syllable, only sixteen rules in its grammar, only one case ending to nouns and pronouns, only one classification of verbs, and only regular verbs.

It can be read with a dictionary alone, without any previous knowledge of the language, as all forms are given in the dictionary.

Its vocabulary is capable of great extension by means of logical affixes and suffixes which serve to give almost unlimited shades of meaning.

What is its purpose?

Its purpose is to unite all mankind by means of a second auxiliary language, displacing no native language, but being a common means of communication for all and in this way breaking down the thought barriers between separated nations and establishing a communion of ideas.

What are its benefits?

Its benefits are many, among which are the following:

(1) It enables one to do business with foreign countries without knowing the language of that country, as there are now in all large European cities Esperantists who, free of charge, translate all esperanto letters into the language of that place. Even this is not necessary as one can enclose a small dictionary in the letter by which said letter can be read. These small dictionaries are now published in fifteen languages and cost two cents each.

(2) It enables one to learn about foreign countries and peoples, to exchange ideas, to get views of all that is of interest in these countries and to make many agreeable friendships. Esperanto papers, contain lists of those wishing to correspond on different subjects either by letter or by post card. The language is now in use by one million of people and publishes some thirty journals.

(3) It unites those occupied by the same pursuits, as one can now find mercantile, literary, scientific, legal, medical, technical, peace, socialist, altruistic, religious and other esperanto societies.

(4) It makes one better acquainted with his own language as it shows the underlying basis of the Latin languages and the logical use of prepositions and also teaches one to think of his mode of expression.

(5) It is of benefit even in learning other languages as by its means one can get acquainted with foreigners and then exchange letters with them in their own language if one is studying it.

(6) It is a powerful means of propaganda for all altruistic work as it furnishes as a common basis a simple, flexible and powerful language capable of a great variety of expression and of all shades of meaning. It already has quite an extensive original literature and, among many others, the following works have been translated into it: Hamlet, Julius Cæsar (Shakespeare), She Stoops to Conquer, Virgil's Æneid, William Tell (Schiller), Pilgrim's Progress, Paul and Virginia, Grimm's Fables, The Golden Fleece, Ecclesiastes, Gospel of St. Mathew, Bardell against Pickwick, The History of the Bahaja Movement.

It is a trade language for the merchant, a universal method of expression for the scholar, a common technical language for the scientist, a necessity for the ignorant and the wise, a pleasure for the learned and finally a bond of union for all who in their hearts believe in the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, as it tends to remove all barriers to the communication of mind with mind, to level all the walls of separation and to make all mankind akin. It is indeed one of the highways leading to the

realm of the "Prince of Peace." The writer will be pleased to correspond with any inquiring Temple members with regard to the above.

GEO. STORY.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, California.

TEMPLE HOME ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The regular annual meeting of the Temple Home Association will be held on August 4th next. Notice of same has been sent out to all Association members.

Members should extend a cordial welcome to the *Halycon Clarion*, the first number of which appeared at the last monthly assembly of T. H. A. members. *The Clarion* is printed on a typewriter with Miss Tanquary as Editor-in-Chief, aided by a brilliant staff of contributors and correspondents. The main policy of *The Clarion* at present is to present items of interest to Association members assembled at the monthly meeting. We quote below a number of the items appearing in the July issue of *The Clarion*. It might be of interest to members to learn that the three-horse-power electric motor to furnish power for pumping water has been installed since *The Clarion* went to press.

RECOMPENSE.

By C. H. DENNIS.

How can we have love and compassion without first being able to give it? We cannot cherish without being cherished. We cannot help without being helped in return. But they that work for the return do nothing, get nothing. But they that work for nothing and give all they have, have all there is to be had. We cannot accomplish the highest love without seeing it through the window of pain and sorrow, and in order to look through the window of suffering, we must suffer.

July 4th was made the occasion of one of the famous all-day outings of the T. H. A., with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson in the capacity of host and hostess at their charming home above Arroyo Grande where they had prepared a delightful retreat on the banks of the stream, with shady walks and hammocks swung in cozy nooks. Before luncheon various athletic sports were indulged in, such as jumping across the stream, vaulting over a pony's back,

hop-skip-jump, wading in the stream, etc. Several of the ladies participated in some of these.

Under the trees on a table adorned with exquisite roses and two enormous dishes of strawberries a picnic lunch was served with Old Glory floating above. After luncheon Dr. Dower with glowing eulogy introduced the composite orator of the day, when a more or less inspiring speech was made by "It."

To close the festivities Dr. Dower in his official capacity as chairman of the day proposed a vote of thanks to the host and hostess.

EVALINE EARLE.

Miss Read of the Open Gate contributed the following:

We have one with us who is doing his whole duty as presented to him at this time. Baby Lincoln is working well and faithfully in building his Temple, and no fault could possibly be found with his work. It is perfect of its kind. His speech may not be quite intelligible to the average mind but to alert, keenly interested baby-lovers there is a world of meaning in the two little words that at present form his vocabulary.

"A-goo! A-boo-boo." Is it nonsense? If you think so you will change your mind if you sit beside his crib and watch him.

Miss Read has translated for us the following taken directly from the original a-goo language at the inspiration of William Lincoln Witkus, the only representative of which universal language we have in the grounds at present. The subject of Baby Lincoln's message to us is Duty. This is what he says: "Do your duty! Attend to your duties." * *

The Halcyon water pump is suffering from a fatal attack of intermittent paralysis. It was hoped that by careful fostering and the use of hot and cold applications with its entire staff within call at all hours of the day and night, it might be induced to linger on over convention. For a time it looked as if the alarming symptoms had been temporarily overcome, and gardener Dennis, who for two weeks had scarcely smiled, and who has been known to go 100 yards out of his way around the garden to avoid the reproachful glances of his cherished cabbages, had noticeably brightened. The water began to flow again. But just as the slowly wizzling bean had lifted its toughening pod to sniff once more the fragrant attar of onion that had perfumed the Halcyon garden in damper days, a relapse took the engine. No water! A consultation was called with

Dr. Dower, Dennis and Bartram, and a specialist all the way from Santa Maria. On being questioned, the engine shook her weary cylinders and said she was tired, begged to be left in peace. The diagnosis showed the trouble to be valvular contraction, rheumatism of the joints, and alarming signs of locomotor ataxia. It proved too correct, and the next day additional complications set in in the form of palpitation of the sparker and shortness of breath. To keep her from rushing from this plane altogether, oxygen, electricity and gasoline has been administered. At the present writing her sides heave and she is reluctantly chugging. She has promised to be good until the arrival of the new three horse power double chested motor with all the chug-chug energies of engine youth. This last duty fulfilled by our steady going old servant, we must say good-by and let her off to the celestial iron heap where all good engines go.

[EDITOR, *Clarion*.]

The glad news comes from the chicken ranch that "Blanche," one of the pullets of this year's hatching has broken the record of this part of the country on the fourth of July, by laying an egg at the unprecedented age of four and a half months. Six months is said by expert Ewing of that department to be the age at which a very ambitious young pullet may some times lay her first egg, but these precious young dames of our chicken ranch are indifferent to the age limit. Within the next month fully half a dozen are expected to follow Blanche's example. Since the last hatching on June 1st, 2,400 have been feathering into buxom fryers, 175 young roosters have just been sold and within another week or two, 200 2-pound roosters will be ready for the market.

[EDITOR, *Clarion*.]

FROM THE MESA.

By W. H. TOWNSEND.

Once upon a time there was a wise one, a city chap, who heard of the Simple Life. He mused and thused about it, but he had never tried it. So he said to himself: "I will try the real thing." He packed his grip and took the train for a little burg by the sea. He went to a big house with a steeple on it, called for the proprietor and said: "I want to try living the Simple Life, to get close to nature, develop my muscles and be where the vibrations are high." "Well," said the proprietor, "I'll see to it. I'll take you up the Mesa." So on the morrow the proprietor took him to where a

vegetable known as the wild radish grew and said: "You see the radishes are high here as well as the vibrations, Here are 30 acres. Across the fence are 40 more. You will find nature very close to you when the breeze starts." The wise one took the hoe and chopped. The wind began to blow. The vibrations began to rise and so did the sand. He was getting close to nature but he said: "I'll finish those 30 acres or break a G string." At last they were finished.

But the wise one did not know the anatomy of the wild radish. He took a stroll back to see how things were where he had started. There they were again, the same old radishes as thick as ever. Like Topsy they had grown.

The wise one threw down his hoe and wrote this letter:

"Dear Charlie—I am on a place called the Mesa. It is about 409 feet above the sea, and when the wind blows it is still higher. I have been trying to exterminate a vegetable known as the wild radish. The cat with the nine lives is nothing to it. Like Banquo's ghost it will not down. It sticks closer than a brother. I told you I came here to get close to nature. It is no trouble. The wind just picks nature up and throws it in your face. You cannot tell what a day will bring forth. One day you will find the biggest part of your ranch moved over to your neighbor. You need not worry about that for the ranch of your neighbor has moved on to yours. If you want to try it where the vibrations are high, come to Mesa and pay off Karma by working the Simple Life down out of the ether into the real clouds below. On the Mesa those clouds will be interpreted for you.

Yours truly,

A WISER ONE."

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES.

Brother D. L. Petty, and his family, are now settled here, in their newly built residence, near the Sanatorium grounds.

* * * *

A neat building for the Halcyon postoffice has been erected just north of the Temple Headquarters cottage. Mr. Wm. W. Kent is the postmaster. Members should bear in mind that *Oceano* is the railroad and telegraph station.

* * * *

From letters received, we expect a larger attendance than usual at the Convention.

The topics presented by the Temple Builders during the past month at Hiawatha Hall, Oceano, were as follows: The Creation; Building the Body; Becoming With the Whole.

* * * *

For Temple dues and Helping Hand contributions, make money orders payable to Mrs. J. W. Kent, Treasurer.

* * * *

For Membership Certificates and Investment Certificates in the Temple Home Association, and for all payments thereon, make money orders payable to The Temple Home Association.

* * * *

It is requested, that in all cases of changes in address, SPECIAL NOTICE (separate) be promptly sent to the Temple Scribe, by letter or postal card. If this direction is not carefully complied with, or if such changes are mentioned in any other method of correspondence, the desired result may not be secured. TEMPLE SCRIBE.



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